**A Day at the Beach**

by[SweetNatasha](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1238819&page=submissions)©

Kim and Martin were relieved to finally be able to get out in the sun again. Winter had been long and cold and they both felt like they were suffering from cabin fever. The heat of the sun felt good on Kim's body and the cool breeze felt like a lover's caress as it passed over her skin.

Kim revelled in her freedom. She found the heavy clothes needed in winter oppressive and depressing and finally being able to shed them was an enormous relief. Her spirit soared as she walked to the beach arm in arm with her man and feeling free in just a bikini and a light wrap.

Cars slowed as they passed the couple. Martin was pretty sure that it wasn't just for the tight bends. He smiled inwardly each time he spotted people in the cars ogling the woman on his arm. He loved having a girlfriend that could stop traffic but even more he loved having a girlfriend who dressed as sexily as Kim did. The clothes she was wearing, or not wearing, right now were a perfect example. Kim wore a pale blue see-through wrap over a black Brazilian bikini, the bottom creeping up ever so slightly so the curves at the bottom of her cheeks were tantalizingly uncovered and the top was completely decent but somehow drew the eyes to the sensuous curves of her firm breasts.

Sometimes Martin fantasised about dressing Kim sluttily but she already dressed sexier than anyone he knew. When they went clubbing he found himself comparing Kim to women dressed more like his slutty fantasies and even though her outfits sometimes showed almost as much skin she never looked slutty. There was a quality about Kim that no matter how revealingly she dressed she would always look sexy and never slutty. Nevertheless, it was that quality itself that drove Martin to wish he could see Kim with her guard down and looking slutty and wanton.

For right now, though, Martin was happy to have a beautiful, sexily dressed woman on his arm. Kim's hip brushed against Martin's rhythmically as she walked with a graceful sway as her weight moved from side to side. Martin looked at her and she seemed oblivious to the cars that were still slowing as they passed. He envied them the view they must have of Kim from behind. He could almost picture the curves of her nearly bare derriere, as it swung from side to side, the soft firmness of her flesh bouncing gently with each step as her feet met the ground. He imagined the transformation of her cheeks from glorious full round curves to being stretched taught and firm as her weight shifted and her legs moved back and forth.

Despite what Martin thought Kim was aware of everything that was happening around her. It was spring and Kim felt alive in a way she hadn't felt for the better part of a year. Her libido was ablaze and her skin was sensitive to the slightest touch. The sun warmed her skin and the gentle breeze moved over her body. Her sheer wrap was no protection against the elements and the combination of heat and cool raised tingles on her skin in completely random places as the breeze eddied around her. The tingles aroused her, especially as there was no place on her body they could not reach. First they would caress her arm and then a stray flurry would pass between her thighs, simultaneously cooling her and reminding her of the heat growing in her loins.

As for the men in the cars, Kim wasn't paying attention to them, but it didn't mean she wasn't aware of them. Kim had reached a state of sensual awareness where she could almost feel their eyes moving over her body as they passed. The feeling always began in her buttocks; with some men it progressed down her legs and with others it moved up over the swell of her hips to her narrow waist. Sometimes the feeling continued after the car had passed and then it almost always moved to cup her breasts. As thrilling as the touch of the strangers' eyes was the feeling was not entirely pleasurable.

Dressing in this fashion, even to go to the beach, was not something Kim would usually do. Her heightened libido had emboldened her to dress in a way she knew Martin fantasised about her. His reaction was the most exciting of all. His hands were sweating and it wasn't that hot and she was sure it wasn't nerves either. No, the sweaty hands had the same cause as the bulge in his pants. Kim's body responded to his in the same way. Her loins grew warm and she could feel the wetness spreading between her legs. Knowing the lust and excitement that her display inspired in her man was more than enough to overcome any feeling of discomfort she felt at the touch of the strangers' eyes.

By the time they arrived at the beach Martin was desperately trying to think of something other than Kim's bare skin and the view she was providing to so many complete strangers. The view he had created in his mind of her from behind was bewitching and almost hypnotic. Trying to dispel the image was hopeless but he was in a state which was completely inappropriate for the beach. Kim on the other hand had found a place where no-one but she and Martin existed and she could simply enjoy her arousal and the affect she was having on him.

Not surprisingly the beach was crowded. The sudden heat had the exact same affect on everyone else as it had on Martin and Kim and people were heading for the beach in droves. They managed to find an empty spot where the nearest people were a few metres away. They spread their towels on the sand and Kim removed her wrap. Martin hadn't been able to look at her body on the walk to the beach but he drank her in now. He realised her nipples were erect and imagined that she was turned on by the strangers' eyes on her body as much as he was. She was certainly turned on but not for the reasons he imagined. It was his excitement that was igniting her passion.

As she sat cross legged on her towel, Kim said, "Sit down, babe, and I'll rub sun screen on you."

Martin's mouth was dry, and he had to swallow and lick his lips before he could answer, "I'm going to go for a quick swim, I need to cool off."

Martin removed his t-shirt and Kim watched as he raised his arms above his head to draw it off. Martin's muscles flexed and rippled as he stretched; he worked out and it really showed. Kim really enjoyed Martin's body and she felt a definite twitch and further wetness between her legs as she watched. He wasn't lumpy like some guys, but he had very nice definition in his stomach, hips and chest, and his biceps were enough to make her melt. She noticed the bulge in his pants and realised why he had been moving so awkwardly since they reached the beach. He had been quite successful up until then in trying to hide it, but it was completely conspicuous as he stretched. As she saw the bulge she could feel tiny prickles all over her skin as sweat broke out, she could hear a roaring in her ears and she felt quite light headed, almost high. She watched in a daze as he walked away from her. He had a cute little arse and she watched it recede, still dazed, and wondering how she had come so close to an orgasm without ever even being touched.

Kim lay back on her towel and enjoyed her arousal. She closed her eyes and imagined her man returning and kissing her deeply. Somehow there were no clothes between them and she opened herself to him. He entered her with one strong thrust and held her in his powerful arms. God, he felt so big inside her, and so powerful around her, he enveloped her petite body as if she was a doll. He plunged deep inside her with powerful thrusts. He entered her again and again. He drove her to levels of ecstasy she had never felt before. She was about to explode. Somewhere in the back of her mind she knew she was at the beach with people all around, but she out of control, and although her man was inside her only in her imagination her impending orgasm was real.

The orgasm hit her like a wave crashing. It built and grew deep inside her, exploded in the warmth of her loins, and washed over her body like an ecstatic tide.

Following the wave of heat that spread through her entire body was a shocking splash of cold water which brought her out of her reverie to sit bolt upright with a gasp.

Martin giggled, "Hey babe!"

Kim looked down at her body to see she was covered in droplets of cold seawater. She shivered.

"What the fuck was that for?" she asked Martin.

"Dunno. I called you a few times but you were a million miles away or something. Snapped you out of it didn't it?"

"Yeah," she said, looking more than slightly nonplussed.

"Sorry babe," said Martin. "How about rubbing that sun screen on now?" he asked as he sat in front of her.

Martin seemed completely oblivious of the mood he had destroyed. Kim looked around self-consciously, wondering if she had made any noise as she came, because she had cum, and beautifully. The cold water splashed on her disguised the wetness between her legs, so she figured she could be grateful for that. She also figured she could be grateful that he hadn't splashed her before she came. And grateful that if Martin hadn't heard anything she could be sure no-one around them had heard either.

There were a million thoughts competing in Martin's head as Kim rubbed lotion on his back. First among them was the image that had been burned into his mind when he came back from his swim. That image was one of the most amazing things he had ever seen in his life. Kim had been lying on her back, legs spread slightly, kind of writhing just a little and moaning very softly. He'd thought she must be dreaming even though he couldn't imagine her falling asleep at the beach that quickly. It was the horniest thing he'd ever seen; his girlfriend lying on the beach having some kind of erotic dream with people all around. At first he watched, transfixed, but as her moans grew louder and her hips began to lift from the towel he knew he had to wake her up. She'd be mortified if she ever thought strangers had seen her in that state. He really had called her a couple of times before splashing her with water from his hair. The splashing was a last desperate effort to wake her up after her moans had grown loud enough for people nearby to hear. It had worked, and the way she yelled at him as she wakened had probably covered the loud moans that had prompted the splash.

The second thought that was competing in his head was, 'Fuck, fuck, fuck, how fucking hot was that!!! My girlfriend just had an orgasm on the beach!'

The third was pretty simple, and dealt with the return of his erection, and how pointless the swim had been. The swim had worked, but watching Kim cum had given him a bigger erection than before, and to make it worse his board-shorts were now wet and clingy.

Martin was also trying to think of a way to tell Kim he'd seen her, that in fact he'd watched her, and that it was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen. He knew he had to be careful though and would have to wait because she would be terminally embarrassed, and not just because other people might have seen.

The final thought, and in fact one which was quickly becoming the most urgent, was how hot Kim would look without a top on. He pictured her rubbing sun screen into his back, topless, her breasts jiggling in time to the motions of her arms as she rubbed lotion into his back. It wasn't simply that he wanted her to bare her breasts for all the world to see; what excited him was the idea that she could do it casually, while engaged in a task as mundane as rubbing lotion on his back, as if there was nothing more normal in the world than to be topless at the beach with men all around her looking at her boobs. Jesus. The thought almost paralysed him.

"Wow, babe, you're so stiff," said Kim. "What's got you all tensed up?"

Martin couldn't believe it. Kim had noticed and called him on it. This was the perfect opportunity to tell her what he was really thinking, but he couldn't just blurt out something like, "Hey babe, can you take your top off please?" Or could he?

Martin's mouth was dry again. He licked his lips and looked back at her. His voice shook as he said, "I was picturing you without a top on."

There. He'd said it. For good or ill it was out there in the open. He'd shared a fantasy with her. He just hoped that she wouldn't think he was some kind of creep.

With Martin twisted to face her Kim couldn't reach his back anymore, so she applied sun screen where she could reach. She rubbed lotion into his shoulder and upper arm. The muscles in his arm were tense as well, but in his arm it felt good, she enjoyed the way his hard bicep felt as she rubbed it. She liked how small her hands looked compared to his muscular arms.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Christ. She was being obtuse or going topless just wouldn't occur to her. It was common enough, but mostly with a certain type of woman. Martin nerved himself to be even more straightforward in revealing his fantasy to her.

"I mean without your bikini top – imagining it made me hot; it's what made me tense up."

Kim's eyebrows lifted sightly and Martin knew it had sunk in. She wasn't angry and it didn't look like she thought he was ridiculous. She was just mildly surprised. It seemed like a good sign.

"This is a fantasy of yours, or something you'd like me to do?" she asked quietly.

It was both a fantasy and something he desperately wanted her to do, but he had already exhausted his courage.

"A fantasy," he said, his voice almost cracking. How embarrassing, he'd completely lost control of his voice like an adolescent school boy.

"Sexy," she said, in a low sultry voice. "It must get you pretty hot. Does it turn you on telling me about it?"

"Yes," he croaked.

Kim leant forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. Her lips were moist and felt cool when they touched his, but he was burning up, completely afire. Her tongue ran lightly along his lips in a sensual, teasing kiss which didn't help to alleviate his present state of arousal. As she sat back again Kim lifted her hands behind her neck and slowly undid the top knot in her bikini. She lowered her hands slowly pushing her bikini down but covering her breasts with the palms of her hands. She paused for a moment, cupping her breasts in hands too small to entirely contain the firm flesh of her breasts. Kim smiled seductively as she lifted her breasts and pushed them together slightly giving Martin a dazzling display of cleavage which left his mouth watering. Kim slowly opened her hands, leaving the heels of her palms at the side of her breasts, still holding them together to give cleavage. Martin's excitement grew as Kim slowly revealed the exquisite curves of her breasts until finally she took her hands away entirely and removed her bikini top. Her nipples were visibly hard and crimped and seemed to be looking Martin straight in the eye, and he couldn't help but stare back at them. He'd seen her breasts countless times before but this time was special in so many ways. – he loved that Kim was putting on a sexy little strip tease for him right there on the beach; he loved that she was comfortable letting strangers look at her almost naked body; and more than anything else he loved the thought that she might have even been enjoying other men watching her sexy show.

Despite being so exposed on a public beach Kim did not feel self-conscious at all. In fact, Kim felt very comfortable with her near nudity. On a day like this, with the sun shining, the birds calling and the breakers roaring as they rushed at the shore, she felt perfectly natural.

Kim could feel her breasts jiggling as she rubbed lotion into Martin's back again. Somewhere in the back of her mind she was aware that men were probably looking at her and enjoying what they saw but she was focused solely on Martin and the ultimate joy that she was giving him by fulfilling his fantasy. Even though she didn't understand exactly what it was that was so exciting for him she still found his excitement infectious and highly exhilarating. Her nipples were tingling and as her breasts jiggled they were touched sometimes by the cool air and sometimes by the warm sun. With each change sharp sparks of pleasure flew through her body to meet with the throbbing warmth that was radiating from between her legs. Kim was in a state of almost transcendental arousal and there was nothing and no one in the world except her and Martin.

When Kim finished applying sunscreen to Martin's back he stood and took her hands and drew her to her feet.

"Let's go for a walk along the water's edge," he said.

"Okay," Kim said as she bent and picked up her bikini top.

"Leave it off."

"Really?" asked Kim.

Martin didn't reply. He just took her by the hand and began walking towards the water. As Kim was drawn along by him she let her bikini top fall to the sand. As common as it is for women to sunbathe topless on the beach in Australia it is very unusual to walk along the beach or swim topless. Despite this, Kim still didn't feel self-conscious even though she was surrounded by people and drawing ardent looks from the men and more than a few glares from the women. Kim was so aroused that she felt like she was completely alone with Martin in their own private bubble of shared eroticism.

Martin on the other hand was completely aware of all of the people around them. He was aware of every single man's head which turned as Kim walked past. With each step they took more and more people saw his girlfriend's bare breasts and almost naked body. That wasn't what was making his heart race though. The thing that excited him most was that every person who saw Kim would not only see her natural beauty, her flat stomach, firm breasts and the perfect curves of her barely covered buttocks, but they would also see her willingness to put herself on display and even more provocatively they would be unable to miss her extreme state of arousal caused by the very display they were witnessing.

Martin hated to think the word in reference to his girlfriend, especially since it didn't accurately describe her, but he felt Kim was acting like a slut, and it made him delirious with pride and lust. Every single person who saw Kim would have a sexual reaction to her because at this moment in time everything about her was sexual. Everything from the glazed look in her eyes which really weren't seeing any of the people around them to the pronounced sway of her hips as she walked on the soft sand to the sensual touch of her hand on the inside of his wrist.

This state couldn't last indefinitely, for one thing it was simply too uncomfortable for Martin. The thought topmost in his mind was to find somewhere private where they could both relieve their pent up energies. Martin was desperate to have Kim and it was pretty clear just looking at her that she was just as desperate to have him. He toyed with the thought that in her current mood she might be desperate for anyone who could satisfy her at the moment and the idea of her having wanton sex with another man, or perish the thought, men, simultaneously aroused and repelled him. As he imagined her in various poses with different men, and sometimes several men at the same time the repugnance faded and he was left with just the arousal such images caused. He felt a little ashamed to imagine Kim in such ways and to be so excited by them, but it wasn't really the actions that turned him on, but more the idea that she could be such a purely sexual being and totally abandon herself to her sexuality.

The daydream was sharply interrupted by a voice yelling, "Martin. HEY, MARTIN!"

Martin looked around for the source of the yells and was shocked to see his friends Tim and Chris sitting on the sand only a few feet away.

"Earth calling Martin," laughed Chris.

"I was just about to throw this at you," said Tim, holding up a shoe, and then throwing it anyway.

"Hey guys, what's up," said Martin as he dodged the shoe.

It was one thing for Martin to parade Kim around the beach in front of strangers, they were safe in their anonymity and would never see any of those people again, but it was something else entirely for his friends to see her like this. He wasn't sure he was comfortable with them seeing her bare breasts and he certainly wasn't comfortable with them seeing her delighting in her exhibitionism like this. He was also pretty sure that Kim would be furious with him for putting her in this situation and he dreaded the thought that she would probably never display herself like this for him again.

Bumping into Tim and Chris burst Kim's bubble completely. She had to speak to them, anything else would be rude, but in doing so she completely shattered the illusion that no one other than her and Martin existed. Worse still, once she acknowledged Tim and Chris she must also accept that there were hundreds of people all around them to witness her nudity and arousal. Her heart raced and she felt close to panic. Despite the roaring in her ears she had just enough presence of mind left to realise that losing it would be the worst thing she could possibly do – she needed to act like there was absolutely nothing out of the ordinary; like letting two of her boyfriend's mates stare at her bare breasts while making innocuous conversation was something that happened every day.

"Hi Tim. Hi Chris. How have you guys been?" asked Kim, labouring to keep her breathing steady.

"Can't complain," Chris said, "especially with the weather like this."

"It's beautiful isn't it," replied Kim, "I love this time of year."

"Are you guys coming to my barbecue this afternoon?" asked Tim.

"What time?" Martin asked.

"Three."

Martin gave Kim a look of query, not being entirely sure of the afternoon's plans, and she turned to look at him as he did. He hadn't really had a chance to look at her as they walked along the beach, and he took the opportunity to give her a long appraising look. She looked hot! Her nipples were harder than he had ever seen them before, even the areola looked hard. They were long too. She was breathing hard and her breasts rose noticeably with each inhalation and then fell as she exhaled. As hard as he tried to avoid staring at her breasts the motion drew his eyes to her nipples irresistibly. As she turned she shifted her feet slightly and widened her stance, the motion drew his eyes away from her breasts and down to her feet. He knew he couldn't stare at her feet all day and he tried to bring his eyes up to meet hers, as he did his eyes moved slowly up her body, he didn't want to gawk, but he couldn't help himself. Her body was perfect and he drank her in, first the gentle swell of her calves and then the soft yet toned flesh of her thighs, which were parted just enough to remind anyone looking that they could readily part further. The fabric of her bikini bottom had crept up between her curvaceous cheeks leaving the rounded curve at the bottom of her backside on display and he feasted on the view hungrily. As his eyes proceeded up her body he admired her flat stomach and when he reached her breasts it took an almost physical effort to pull his eyes up to meet hers.

Martin blushed scarlet when he finally saw the expression on Kim's face. She had obviously been watching as he slowly devoured her with his eyes. She had one eyebrow cocked, her head tilted slightly, and a look of amused disdain which made him feel completely transparent.

With the illusion of privacy now thoroughly dispelled Kim could feel people's eyes touching her once again. Unlike walking to the beach when the touches came and went as the cars passed these touches lingered on her skin and fluttered all over her body as if she were being caressed by a million feathers. Some feathers concentrated on her breasts and other intimate areas but the majority moved around as the viewer's focus changed. Some touches were more pronounced than others, her familiarity with Tim and Chris made their gazes easily identifiable and Martin's felt almost as real as if his hands were caressing her body.

Standing in the open, with so many eyes exploring her body, and with no illusions to hide behind Kim came to understand that the tingling sensations she felt on her skin was simply her own pleasure at being looked at and even more startling she realised it was her own enjoyment of putting herself in a position to be looked at. She wasn't simply reacting to Martin's excitement; she was enjoying it entirely of her own accord. The realisation struck her like a dam bursting. Suddenly the feather touches all over her skin became tiny sparks of pure ecstasy, the warmth between her legs became a raging fire, and her heart began to race ever faster. Martin's heavy gaze felt like a lover's hungry touch and Chris and Tim's illicit touches ignited her lust wherever they fell.

Somehow Kim managed keep her passion just sufficiently at bay to remain aware of her surroundings. She turned to look at Martin to respond to Tim's invitation and as she did so her legs moved apart to maintain her balance. As her legs opened slightly Kim felt a flurry of eyes move to the thin fabric which hid the core of her sexuality and she opened her legs a little wider to welcome the gently probing eyes. Tim and Chris were still sitting on the sand and her pussy was eye level with them, and although she was looking at Martin she could feel their intent stares like fingers desperately trying to remove the small triangle of fabric which covered her. She responded to the gazes as to a lover's touch and her juices began to flow freely.

Kim watched Martin as his eyes moved all over her body. His eyes were so hungry that she felt like she was being handled by a passionate lover. He looked like he was about to lose control and Kim knew she would respond enthusiastically if he did. When he finally dragged his eyes up to hers she fixed him with a look which could douse flames even in hell.

"It sounds great, we'll definitely be there," said Kim, her breath just barely under control.

"We were just trying to decide whether the water would be too cold for swimming," said Chris.

"A little cold water won't kill you," said Kim, thinking a swim would be the perfect way to defuse the sexual energy.

Without waiting for an answer Kim took Martin's hand and turned and headed for the water. She could feel Chris' and Tim's gazes firmly on her arse as she walked away. She could also feel that her bikini bottom had crept up between her cheeks and her already small Brazilian bikini bottom would now look more like a g-string. Kim was faced with the choice of leaving her arse exposed for Chris and Tim to stare at or drawing attention to it by fixing her bikini. As she thought about it she realised that she would feel too undignified pulling her bikini out of her backside in public. Thus freed of the ability to fix the situation she discovered that she enjoyed letting Tim and Chris, and everyone else for that matter, watch her walk.

When the cold water hit Kim's feet it was quite a shock but she ran straight in and dove under a wave anyway. The cold water drowned her passions almost completely – at least until Martin surfaced next to her and wrapped her in his strong arms and kissed her deeply. She was immediately afire again despite the cold water and once they had swum just beyond the breakers Kim wrapped her legs around Martin and returned the kiss hungrily. His erection was obvious and pressed hard against her crotch. It was completely irresistible and she reached down between them and freed it from his shorts. Martin's need was just as urgent and he responded by reaching down and pushing her bikini aside. Kim held his cock in place while she lifted herself over it and finally drew it into her. As awkward as the water was her juices were flowing freely enough for him to slide into her easily.

Kim looked Martin straight in the eye as she said, "Ahhhh that feels so good baby!"

Martin's only response was to kiss her again and hold her by the hips as they ground their bodies together.

Martin didn't so much thrust into Kim – long thrusts weren't really possible in the water. Instead he pulled her hips against him as he pushed his own hips at her and drove his shaft into her deepest reaches. Then he relaxed the pressure and eased back out of her depths. To Kim all of the motion felt to be happening inside her and because of the depth of penetration it felt like long hard thrusts even though each movement was so small.

The lovers revolved slowly in the water and the only visible signs of their love making were the changing expressions on Kim's face as Martin drove into her and then released her. Her soft moans were drowned by the sounds of the surf.

"You like showing me off don't you, baby?" Kim asked.

"What's not to like babe, you look totally hot!"

"Did you like showing me off to your friends?"

"I was worried," he admitted.

"Why babe?"

"I thought you'd be mad at me."

"I freaked at first," said Kim, "but what could I do? I just had to act like everything was normal."

"That was so hot. The way you were just casually chatting with a couple guys while you let them look at your tits."

"You like them looking at my tits?" asked Kim.

"Oh yeah. You have the best tits, they'll be so jealous!"

They talked quietly all the while Martin continued to push into Kim. Kim could only speak as Martin released the pressure, each time he forced them together she closed her eyes dreamily and let out a soft moan.

"People are looking at us you know," said Kim.

"I know," said Martin.

It was true too. Even though they weren't visibly thrusting into one another Kim's expressions had not gone unnoticed. Most people were oblivious, but some were suspicious and stealing surreptitious glances and others were more certain of what was happening and were openly staring.

"Do you like fucking me while people are watching?" asked Kim.

"I love it! I love watching your face when we have sex, you're so expressive, you don't hide anything, and it's so hot that there are people seeing that now."

Kim kissed Martin deeply and passionately. As she kissed him she moved her hands to his waist and used them to lift herself and then lower herself back onto him. As she moved like this she thrust back and forth with her hips. The sexual nature of the motion of her shoulders and the arching of her back was unmistakable to anyone who saw them. Anyone who was merely suspicious before would now be certain of what they were doing.

"Is this even better? Do you like strangers seeing your wanton woman riding you?" asked Kim.

"Oh fuck yeah," answered Martin.

"I'm gonna cum!" exclaimed Kim.

Kim moaned sharply, almost grunted, with her head thrust back and her mouth open as she came. Once the peak had passed she relaxed her body and rested herself on Martin with her head on his shoulder. It was then that she noticed that Tim and Chris had joined them. She had no way of knowing whether they had seen her cum and Martin wouldn't know either as he'd had his back to their approach.

"You guys are coming, right?" asked Tim.

Martin turned and couldn't muster much more than a grunted query, "huh?"

"To my barbecue," Tim clarified.

"Yeah dude, of course," said Martin.

Kim wondered what that was about. They had already sorted that out before they started swimming. Did Tim mean "coming" or "cumming?"

Martin had stopped thrusting into Kim when he turned to speak to Tim. She was facing away from Tim and Chris now, and she took the opportunity to whisper into Martin's ear.

"Don't stop baby," she whispered, "I still want you."

With Kim's prompting Martin resumed his subtle thrusts into her while continuing to chat with his friends.

Martin loved it when Kim talked during sex, especially when she talked sexy, but he wasn't expecting her to talk dirty to him while he was talking with his friends.

"I want you to cum inside me sweetie," she said.

"Stop it, babe," he whispered to her, unable to believe that he was asking her to stop, but it was driving him completely wild and he couldn't lose it with his friends watching.

"I want you to put your cum deep inside me while your friends are watching. I want to feel you spurting your jizz deep inside me while I talk to them," she whispered.

Kim swivelled to partially face Tim and Chris then, giving them a view of one of her breasts and its hard nipple in the process.

"Should we bring anything?" Kim asked Tim with a cheeky smile.

"Just drinks, I've got heaps of meat," replied Tim.

Martin grunted, and heaved himself even deeper inside her as all of his muscles bunched and tensed. Kim felt his cock twitching deep inside her and she knew he was putting his cum in her. She moaned – she couldn't help it; there is something primal and instinctual about a man cumming deep inside a woman.

"Mmmm, what about salad?" asked Kim, doing her best to hide her moan with a question.

At some level Kim wanted Tim and Chris to know what had been happening and that it had now ended with Martin's cum inside her. She slowly lifted herself off Martin's cock, her mouth involuntarily forming a pout as she drew a sharp breath as his still firm cock slid out of her. She smiled as she turned to face them and took a deep breath and released it with a satisfied sigh. Standing on her own her breasts were now under water and she was surprised to realise that she was disappointed that they were hidden from view. Even lifting herself to the tips of her toes she couldn't bring her breasts back into sight for them. Nevertheless, she enjoyed chatting with them while her pussy was full of Martin's cum and she could still feel the after effects of having just had sex.

The four of them headed back to the shore. The three men all caught waves in while Kim walked. When they reached the shore they turned and watched her walking in. She jogged the last dozen metres or so and smiled as they all watched her breasts bouncing. When she reached them she stood facing them breathing hard from the short run through the water. It was an obvious struggle for all three of the men to meet her eyes – their eyes kept drifting back to her chest where her breasts undulated with each heavy breath.

Kim could feel Martin's cum begin to seep out of her and she found it very exciting to be standing with three men while it happened.

"What are you guys doing now?" she asked of Tim and Chris.

"I hadn't really thought about it much, but I guess I should head home soon to get everything ready," replied Tim.

"Cool, we don't have anything on this afternoon, if you want us to come over early and help," said Kim.

"Yeah, that would be great, thanks Kim, how about we meet at mine in half an hour or 45 minutes?"

"We'll see you then," said Martin.

"Yeah, later guys," said Kim.

"Bye," said Chris.

Tim and Chris walked back up to their towels and Martin and Kim walked back along the water's edge in the direction of their own stuff.

"You're amazing, babe," said Martin.

Kim's response was simple – she just smiled up at him warmly and put her hand in his.

"Would you do it again?" he asked.

"What, now?" she asked, surprised, "do you have the energy?"

Martin laughed as he said, "No, some other time babe!"

"Maybe tomorrow," Kim said, with a cheeky smile and a faraway look in her eye.

"Will you go topless?"

"If you want," replied Kim.

"Are you comfortable with it now?" Martin asked.

"Yeah, I think everyone in Bondi has seen my boobs now."

Martin chuckled.

They reached their stuff and Kim started to dry herself but the sun had already done a thorough job. They both dressed. Kim felt more than a little regret as she put her bikini top on and then her wrap. As they walked up the sand to the promenade Kim looked back, a little longingly, but mostly with the awareness that it was now just the beginning of spring and that she would have plenty of time to have fun at the beach over the coming months.